

THE AUTO AND THE RAILROAD.

60 MILES AN HOUR PROMISED BY C. J. GLIDDEN'S TRIP.

From New York to Philadelphia in One Hour and to the Pacific Coast in 50 Hours—Possibilities Shown by a 2,000 Mile Journey in an Auto on the Rails.

Charles J. Glidden of Boston recently made an automobile trip from Minneapolis to Vancouver which has set railway men, automobile and locomotive manufacturers all over the country wondering if the performance does not forecast an entirely new method of transportation.

Mr. Glidden's 2,000 mile journey was made over the tracks of the Soo and Canadian Pacific Railroads in a 24 horse-power automobile which, save for the steel flanged wheels substituted for the ordinary wheels, did not differ in any particular from the ordinary road machine. The automobile, despite the fact that it is much lighter than a locomotive, appears to have travelled better on the rails than on a macadam road.

The machine ran smoothly, not rocking much as the ordinary day coach. Curves, switches and frogs were all crossed without danger of derailment, and the only defect of the experiment brought out was that the occasional hot box, which was very similar to those occurring on railway cars while travelling at an equal speed.

That the automobile developed hot boxes once in a while is not to be wondered at when it is explained that at times the car, on level stretches of track, attained a speed of more than 60 miles an hour. The trip gave Mr. Glidden so much encouragement that he is confident that still greater speed can be attained by a railway auto and kept up for a considerable length of time.

"With a clear right of way and my present comparatively low geared motor," he said, "I could have made an average speed of sixty miles an hour and carried gasoline sufficient for a 1,000 mile run without stopping. Lubrication being supplied automatically.

"My outfit runs close to the ground, making it, to all intents and purposes, a light locomotive capable of high speed under all conditions. It is admitted that railway power is far ahead of roadbed and tracks on account of weight. But weight is saved by the adoption of a gasoline motor in place of a locomotive, and I believe an automobile can be built which will run on railroad tracks as fast as the present foreign racing cars and will carry a limited amount of weight and passengers at a speed of ninety miles an hour.

"That means Philadelphia to New York in one hour, and New York to the Pacific Coast, allowing for slower speed in the mountains, in fifty hours, stops being made only at Chicago and Ogden.

"I am satisfied, too, that an automobile can be run from Boston to Chicago on rails at a speed of from 75 to 100 miles an hour without a stop, making the distance in twelve hours. Mechanical experts who accompanied me on the trip agree with me in this statement."

Mr. Glidden found that travelling on rails produced a speed of fifteen more miles an hour than would have been developed by the same amount of power on a good macadam road. The consumption of fuel was similarly affected. On the rails a gallon of gasoline gave a distance of twenty miles, while the same amount carried a car only fifteen miles on the road.

The performance of Mr. Glidden's automobile has stirred up considerable conjecture as to the possibility of flangeless gasoline cars on railway tracks, and a Western firm is already turning out light runabouts with wheels fitted to run on car rails. These machines, although small as regards horsepower, develop a speed of fifteen miles an hour and are being urged upon railway people as cheap and trustworthy cars for track inspection and emergency trips. Their cost is the same as that of the road runabout type from which they were modelled.

It has also been reported that President Underwood of the Erie Railroad had fitted one of the touring autos for use on the tracks of his road and that when in use on the same machine is to be put down on the train as a special.

As automobile ponder over the possibilities of the machines on rails, they declare that an automobile could well take the place of a special locomotive for many emergencies. One man would take the place of an engineer and fireman, thereby saving the pay of one man, while the cost of fuel and wear and tear, both on machine and roadbed, would be considerably less, were the automobile used in place of the locomotive.

On the whole it is estimated that an automobile used in place of a special locomotive would effect a saving in expense of at least one-half. Lighter rails would suffice for gasoline cars, and as the expense of laying them and the cost of rolling stock would be smaller than for a steam road it has even been declared that with gasoline cars built for railroad use a new country might be opened up where at present even a trolley line would fail because of the cost of maintenance.

And if every railroad had at least one automobile equipped to run on the rails it would be ready at a moment's notice, to carry physicians or division superintendents to a wreck, without on any other place along the line where trouble occurred. These are but a few ideas which have been evolved by the minds of Mr. Glidden's trip.

Even the most optimistic of the automobileists do not dare to hope that automobiles will ever be allowed to run on the tracks of the railway trunk lines. That could not be done without interfering with the regular train service. But why, they say, should the automobileists have their own tracks, to be used exclusively by the flangeless tired automobiles?

A road from New York to Philadelphia, for instance, could be built at a cost much less than that of a regular railway line, which would require heavy rails and ballast. An elevated structure all the way, thus avoiding all grade crossings, would not require a tremendous outlay of capital, and on such a road, which would be covered by many automobiles each day, the toll charges for the machines might be made to pay a reasonable profit on the investment.

The time for such a scheme to be evolved is not yet even the optimists admit that, but in ten, twenty-five or fifty years conditions will have changed. Wait, they say, the automobile is still in its infancy. The auto is at least an interesting possibility for the solution of the high speed transportation problem.

Where Square Jim O'Connor Died.

According to the records on file at the Board of Health, James O'Connor, who was known in the sporting fraternity as "Square Jim," died from heart disease at his home 632 Madison avenue and not in a gambling house further downtown, as has been printed. Dr. J. C. O'Connor, 632 Park avenue signed the death certificate sent to the Health Department.

BUTCHER A NEEDLEWORKER.

A Baltimore Man Who Does Exquisite Work at His Home Evenings.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 24.—George R. Romoser of the Frederick avenue city, does exquisite needlework in his home. He is a butcher, his father is a butcher and his brothers are butchers.

Mr. Romoser's masterpiece is a linen table cover, two and one half feet wide by four and one half feet long, with embroidery three fourths of a yard deep all around. The design, which is by Romoser, is of sprays of roses and foliage and of pansies and foliage. It is finished with a single narrow hemstitch hem. It required three years of hard work at night, after his duties at the slaughterhouse and meat shop were over, to make the cover.

The Romoser home is filled with specimens of his needlework. There are many sofa pillows, tray cloths, doilies, center pieces, lunch cloths, and there are dainty things for his wife all embroidered by this butcher, who loves his needle far better than his meat cleaver. And there are quilts that he placed in his very youthful days. One he made when he was only nine years old, and another is a "crazy" quilt that he placed when he was fifteen.

At present he is making a quilt of the pattern known as "log-cabin." It is made of the most precious bits of silks, satins and brocades that he can procure.

Mr. Romoser did not inherit his taste and love for needlework from his father, E. M. Romoser, a butcher, of Garrison lane, this city. Mr. Romoser says his grandfather, who was a Frenchman, and his grandfather, who was a German, were both needleworkers, making their livelihood in this way.

THEY MAKE IT TIRED.

The Returned Summer Boarders and the Weighing Machine.

"This is the time they make me groan," said the penny in the old weighing machine, "the people getting weighed coming back from their vacation."

"The lively girl in frills and furbelows jumps on my platform and drops a penny in the slot and watches while I spin my pointer 'round, and—"

"My" she says to her girl friend, "I've gained three pounds and a half!"

"And then her girl friend gets on, and my" she says, "I've gained four pounds and a half!"

"And then comes my fine young man, who steps on the platform and watches my pointer spin, and he says, 'I've gained five pounds, and he walks away quietly, but with him the muffled air of a conqueror. Eight pounds, hey? Well, I should smile, and in the sturdy and able young man? Well, I guess yes."

"And now the portly citizen, who hopes he hasn't taken on any, who hopes, indeed, that he has lost a few, he gets on, and my" she says, "I've gained six pounds and a half!"

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WANTED TO GO TO GREECE.

But the Means He Took to Get There Landed Him in Jail.

Theodore Stathopolis, a Greek, 30 years old, who for several months has carried on a restaurant at 211 Harrison avenue, Williamsburg, has long desired to return to his native land, but was unable to raise the cash necessary for the trip. Frequently he asked his sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Stathopolis, to advance him \$50, but she refused. She kept her money in the boom of her dress.

Early yesterday morning Stathopolis made a final demand on the woman for the balance necessary to make the trip to Greece. She again refused, and he seized her by the throat and tried to take the money by force.

She resisted and both fell. While they were in a scuffle on the floor the Greek drew a knife and stabbed his sister-in-law in the back, above the knee, inflicting a deep wound. The woman's screams brought neighbors and also Detective Ocker of the Coney Island police station. An ambulance surgeon dressed the Greek's wounds, and she then went to the station house and preferred a charge of assault and attempted robbery against her brother. The Lee avenue police court, Magistrate Higginbotham held him for a further hearing.

CALLS L. V. F. RANDOLPH A LIAR.

President of Little Exchange Engages in Verbal Bout in Plainfield Court.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Sept. 24.—The bitter feud, brought about by the erection of an alleged statue of George Washington in the section of Plainfield, came to a climax in court here this morning when former Councilman Walter L. Hettfield, Sr., counsel for the owners of the structure, attacked former Mayor Lewis V. F. Randolph, president of the New York Consolidated Petroleum and Stock Exchange.

After the defendant had been heavily fined by Judge Runyon for maintaining a nuisance at his place, Mr. Randolph, the complainant, asked permission to deny Mr. Hettfield's accusation that he had sent garbled and distorted stories to the local papers pending the decision of the state supreme court. He was granted the permission to make a direct and unqualified falsehood, "shouted" Mr. Randolph.

In an instant Mr. Hettfield was on his feet and yelled, "That's a bigger liar on this earth than you, Randolph."

The two men advanced toward each other and Chief of Police Kiley jumped between them, ordering them to stop. Mr. Randolph immediately gave notice of an appeal and said that he would prove that Mr. Randolph is a liar. The case is called before the Supreme Court.

LEFT HOUSE OPEN FOR A THIEF.

And a Thief Came—Maybe He's the One for Whom the Trap Was Set.

Acting Captain McCarthy of the Adams street station, Brooklyn, was notified on Friday that a thief had forced an entrance into the house at 131 Joralemon street and had out lead pipe valued at \$50 and carried it away. Acting Captain McCarthy rushed to the house and found that the door through which the thief had gained entrance was closed and boarded up. He asked permission to take the boards down, and said he believed that the thief would return for more of the pipe.

The boards were removed and Patrolman Gentlemen was stationed in the house. Early yesterday morning Gentlemen heard a noise in the cellar and going down found a man in the act of stealing a pipe. He was taken to the station house, where he said he was William Ryan, 56 years old, and had no home. He said he had not been in the house before and only entered it because he found the door open.

Acting Captain McCarthy believes that Ryan was the man who committed the burglary. He was committed to jail by Magistrate Dooley to await examination next week. The house is now boarded up.

Frost Injures the Cranberry Crop.

CHATHAM, Mass., Sept. 24.—Reports from surrounding towns show that the cranberry crop in Cape Cod country has suffered considerable damage from the recent frosts. Many striking cotton mill operatives from Fall River, who had been relying on the high wages paid for cranberry picking, are affected.

ST. BERNARD'S STURDY PASTOR.

FORTY YEARS A PRIEST TO-DAY AND FOR 36 ITS RECTOR.

Archbishop of the Present at the Anniversary of a Popular Clergyman and a Host of Brother Priests to Rally Round Him—His One Great Misfortune.

The Rev. Gabriel A. Healy celebrates his fortieth anniversary of priesthood to-day by singing solemn high mass at St. Bernard's church, in West Fourteenth street, of which he has been the pastor since the parish was founded thirty-six years ago.

Archbishop Farley will preside at the mass and Mr. Lavelle will preach. His sermon will be a review of the life and work of the pastor.

Every Catholic clergyman in the city who is free to-day will be present at the mass and many from other cities. The choir will sing Mozart's Requiem, and a dinner will be given to the Archbishop and clergy by Father Healy in the rectory. He said yesterday to a SUN reporter:

"Yes, my friends are going to give me a little send-off, but I really don't deserve it."

Of Father Healy's family only one other member, his brother, Judge Edmund Healy, survives. Judge Healy lives at 14 Rockaway street, near Barclay. His preliminary education was received at the parish school of St. Peter's under the Sisters of Charity.

He went later to the Holy Name School in Twelfth street, near Third avenue, thence to the Christian Brothers' School in Canal street and St. Francis Xavier's College, and in the fall of 1860 he began his theological course at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. Four years later he was ordained priest in the cathedral in Mulberry street by Bishop James Roosevelt of New York.

Father Healy had several classmates in Montreal, who afterwards became distinguished clergymen, among them Bishop Wigger, late of the Newark diocese; Bishop Ludden of Syracuse; Mr. McLean of St. Peter's in this city; Mr. Duffy of Albany; the Rev. Patrick Tandy, former pastor of St. Jerome's church in The Bronx, and several Jesuit fathers.

In the spring of 1868 he was sent from St. Peter's church to establish a new parish in Fourteenth street. He said, mass at first in a wagon factory, erected by the present church. His church was seven years in building. The cornerstone was finally laid in the spring of 1873, and the church was dedicated by Cardinal McClean. St. Bernard's church has the distinction of being the first church dedicated by an American Cardinal. Father Healy is proud of this bit of history.

He said that he had been married in 1880 and he had to rebuild it.

"Aside from this," he said yesterday, "I have had no great difficulties in my work. I would consider difficulties. We all have our ups and downs, and I suppose I have had mine, but this is no time to be anything but cheerful. I have often thought of the summer school. He has a beautiful cottage in the grounds at Cliff Haven, where he entertained his parishioners, and he was loved by the people who frequent the summer school, as well as his own parishioners.

Mr. McLean, pastor of St. Peter's church, who is not only Father Healy's classmate, but his lifelong friend, tells this story of him:

"In my own saintly one morning word came to me that St. Bernard's church had been burned. I was surprised, but immediately went up to see Father Healy, expecting to find him much disturbed about his misfortune. I found him preparing to go out and look up architects and contractors to begin the rebuilding of the church. He answered my question by saying, 'I know that, but it was nowhere near the center of the church. I have often thought of the summer school. He has a beautiful cottage in the grounds at Cliff Haven, where he entertained his parishioners, and he was loved by the people who frequent the summer school, as well as his own parishioners.'

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CENTRAL PARK BETTERMENTS.

Changes Pallas Has Made and Others Which He Hopes to Undertake.

Many improvements have been made at Central Park in the summer just ended. The drives reconstructed were the East Drive, from Schola's Gate to the Marble Arch; Centre Drive, from the Bronze Eagle to the Webster statue and the West Drive, from Fifty-ninth street entrance to Eighty-first street.

These drives were scraped and then covered with six or eight inches of Roa Hook gravel, making a smooth, even surface with good drainage.

By the construction of new concrete asphalt gutters and the raising of the drives at the quarters, an additional width of six feet was gained.

Commissioner Pallas has asked the Board of Estimate for enough money to improve other drives in the same way. Among the other noticeable improvements are the constructing of new lawns by the laying of sod and gravel restocking with mould or garden soil. Nearly 500,000 square feet of new sod has been laid.

A new rustic stairway takes the place of the old one at the foot of Eighty-sixth street at Riverside Drive.

Other changes ordered by the Commissioner include the constructing of a new walk system at the block house at 110th street, near Seventh avenue; the building of an entrance at Ninety-third street at Central Park West, and the erection of new buildings in the menagerie enclosure.

FIRE CHIEF'S DRIVER HURT.

Sweeney Thrown From His Wagon While His Horse Was Running Away.

After having taken Fire Chief Gray of the Sixteenth battalion on an inspection tour yesterday morning, Driver John J. Sweeney of 439 East Seventy-sixth street was thrown from his wagon and severely hurt. Sweeney, alone, was driving near Sixty-third street, when the harness broke and the frightened horse dashed down Sixty-third street toward Lexington avenue. Sweeney was unable to stop him, and at the corner of Lexington avenue the horse turned so sharply that the wagon struck a lamp post and Sweeney was thrown to the ground.

He was taken to the Flower Hospital, suffering from concussion of the brain. It is thought that he will recover.

EX-MAYOR EDSON DEAD.

His Health Had Been Failing for a Year—Was Elected Mayor in 1882.

Ex-Mayor Franklin Edson died yesterday morning after a lingering illness, at his home, 42 West Seventy-first street. He was 72 years old. His health had been failing ever since he was elected mayor in 1882, by the crime of his wayward son, Harry F. Edson, who murdered Mrs. Fannie Pullen and then committed suicide, and whose death disclosed the fact that he had embezzled money from St. Michael's Episcopal Church.

Mr. Edson was elected Mayor of New York in 1882, and served one term. He was three times president of the Produce Exchange. He came of a New England family, his mother, Sarah Williams, being a descendant of Roger Williams, and his father, Ophir Edson, a descendant of Deacon Samuel Edson, who came to New York from the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The ex-Mayor was born at Chester, Vt., April 15, 1822. He was educated in farming, and as a boy ex-Mayor Edson helped him in the fields when not attending the local district school. At 14 years he entered the Chester Academy, and in 1840 he went to the farm in the summer until he was 17. Then he taught school for two years.

In his twentieth year he left his father's farm and went to New York City, where he remained in the distilling business in Albany until 1866, leaving it to his son, Harry F. Edson, who was then a clerk in the distillery owned by his brother Cyrus, in Albany. After three years of service as a clerk, he was made a partner in the business.

In 1866, four years after he had left Vermont, he married Fanny, daughter of Vt. N. Y., a sister of the late Mayor Edson. In farming, and as a boy ex-Mayor Edson helped him in the fields when not attending the local district school. At 14 years he entered the Chester Academy, and in 1840 he went to the farm in the summer until he was 17. Then he taught school for two years.

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